An ACCOUNT

Of the

LIFE

AND

CHARACTER

Of the late

Rev. *John Murphy*, D. D.

Taken from

AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS,

AND

Original Papers.

By the living Teſtimonies of his Fellow-Students and Cotemporaries.

Dignum laude Virum Muſa vetat Mori.

HOR.

None but the Memory of the Juſt,
Can bloom and bloſſom in the Duſt.

Compiled by the Rev. F. *J*—— *K*——
And Reviſed by the Rev. *S*—— *B*——

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for JAMES HOEY, at the MERCURY in *Skinner-Row*. MDCCLIII.

BRITISH

43.

10. 10.

25.

PREFACE,

To the READER,

IN compiling theſe Memoirs, I have had a ſenſible Pleaſure, ev'ry honeſt Heart muſt be affected, and therefore I recommend it to your Peruſal.

I never was ſo agreeably entertained in reading Works of Fiction, where the Genius invents, and where the Imagination has Scope to range, ad Libitum, *as I have been in compoſing theſe genuine uninvented Memoirs.*

It was highly ſatisfactory, to reflect, that while I was tracking this amiable Man in the Snows of Virtue, I became enamoured of the Original, like Apelles *the Painter, who drawing the Picture of the beautiful* Campaſpe, *a darling Miſtreſs of* Alexander, *drank in the Beauty's of his Object ſo faſt, and took in ſuch unquenchable Draughts*

of Love from the Contemplation of her fair Lineaments, that he became passionately fond of her, and she was afterwards married to him by the Consent of Alexander *who pitied his Sufferings.*

I think that to inform the World of such exemplary Piety, such disinterested Goodness, must be a Work of Edification and Improvement, and so far I prefer this Life to the reading a thousand Volumes of Romance.

I have heard of Persons, who giving themselves a Habit of lying, believed at last the very Lyes they had framed.

This may better come to pass in reporting Truths, so that by endeavouring to imprint and engrave Virtue on the Hearts of others, I may have hopes to instruct and improve my own; and to be truly convinced of the Truths I have written, I thought it of the more Importance to the Good of Mankind, that those Memoirs should be made publick, general and universal, and heartily wish Men of all Opinions might peruse it, as they will meet Nothing in it, but Matters relating to unstained Innocence and Goodness of Soul.

I do

I do assure them, that by introducing them to the Conversation of this truly pious Man, I introduce them to the best of Company, and those who knew him living will bear me Testimony in this Assurance.

Another Assertion I make bold to advance, is, he not only lived the Life I write, but the Original so far exceeded the Transcript (as he concealed his Charitys) that he was when living a publick Good, and that Thousands who drank at the Fountain of his nnlimited Generosity, must die with Thirst in a lukewarm Age like this; so very indifferent in the Cause of Virtue, and so very moderate in Acts of that Nature.

As to the Authenticity of these Memoirs, the Reader may depend on it, that Lucre, or the Motives of Profit have not induced me to insert any inventions of my own: They may believe that it is nat a patched ill digested Piece, framed to answer any sinister End, but are desired to look upon it as a Subject tenderly handled, liable to stand the Test of Judges of his own Cotemparies, his fellow students, his friends, his relations,

his

his admirers; and from the Mouths or Letters of such do we now make this extract.

Let your Light so shine before Men, that they may see your good Works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven: *In Conformity to this divine Precept, I think it for the Christian Interest to make publick the Life of so eminent a Liver, especially as we breath the same Air with Libertines in life and Doctrine, that do not pretend even to the Form of any Religion; and with Hypocrites who shew nothing else but the exterior Form.* Loquere ut te videam, *speak that I may see you, is truly applicable in the Publication of these Memoirs; for whoever does himself the Pleasure to read them over, will come acquainted with the eminent Perfection of Dr.* MURPHY, *who if he had spent his Days abroad, it is more than presumable, would have been Canonized for his uncommon Goodness, and sincerity of Life; which was really and indeed, (as far as Nature could,) void of Offence towards God, and towards Men.*

One Scruple I thought it adviseable to make, for the Sake of those who have tender Consciences, and

that

that is, to beware of making too home Comparisons, or to despair of arising at the perfection within written; gifts of Continence and Chastity, gifts of Austerity, universal Benevolence, and in short, all human Virtues are not the Lot of every Man, let those endeavour to imitate as far as in them lies, and they will be approved, for no more can be expected.

THE

Juſt Publiſhed by the Printer hereof.

THE

BURNING LAMP

TO

Enlighten ſuch as truly deſire to live a Godly Life;

Together With

Angelical Exerciſes,

AND

Divine Conſiderations,

N. B. The above mentioned Book was often and earneſtly Recommended to the peruſal and practice of Chriſtians, by the late Reverend and Pious Doctor JOHN MURPHY.

Price a Britiſh *Six-pence.*

THE LIFE OF THE *Rev.* JOHN MURPHY, D. D.

IN attempting (for it is little more) to deliver down to Posterity, the Life of this admirable Person so eminent for his Virtues, so distinguished by his Morals, and so unexampled in his disinterested Conduct to his Brethren, of what Community so ever; let me by way of Preventive, apprize the Reader of this Life, that all the Colourings of Flattery, all the Touches of Oratory, all the Sublimity of Rhetoric, and all the Graces of Encomium, must appear faint, though skrewed up to their highest Note, when so uncommon an Original is to be copied.

In the Offices of his Miniſtry, he expreſſed the higheſt Degree of Earneſtneſs, and unaffected Fervour; for he was himſelf the Example of his own Precept, and lived the Life he taught. He was truly virtuous without Oſtentation, and he of all Men, did by his Actions inconteſtibly prove, that he loved Virtue for her own amiable Graces; nor were the Motives of his Actions ever infected by the ſordid Contagion of Worldly Lucre, or Temporal Intereſts; he really was above their Influence.

It ſeems, as if he was convinced, that in order to become one of thoſe happy Spirits, which reign above, he muſt indiſpenſibly, and without the leaſt Deviation, live *here*, a Pattern of Goodneſs, invariably juſt, and obſtinately good, in Contradiction to, and Contempt of, all the differing Modes and Faſhions of a buſtling corrupted World; for he never could be, either betrayed, or deluded into the Paths of Vice, or Folly; however ſanctified by the Example of the Rich, the Great, or the Powerful.

His Charity was not limited to any Sect or Party of Men, when Diſtreſs appeared in the Object: His Hoſpitality was extenſive, as it was uncommon, for it connected him to every Fellow-Creature, and he only regretted, that it was not in his Power, as it was in his Inclination, to ſerve the whole World.

His Generoſity was unbounded, and inexhauſtible; and the Purſe of a *Spaniſh* Viceroy would be little enough, to give it its full Play and Scope.

Hard then, indeed, was it for ſo *giving* a Hand, as his was, ever employed in beſtowing, ever buſy in collecting from the Rich to diſpenſe to the Poor, hard was it ſure, to lay by any thing more for its own Uſe, than the meer Neceſſaries of Life.

The Goodneſs of his Heart was innate, born with itſelf, independant of the Byaſs of Education, the Prejudice contracted by Opinion, or the Method of Training; for he lived in Friendſhip with all Parties, and all Denominations of Men, and was reciprocally

dear to People of every Rank and every Profeſſion where he lived, who equally admired, loved, eſteemed, and revered him alive, as they univerſally lamented and deplored his Loſs.

No Wonder then, that ſo admirable a Man, a Prodigy in theſe degenerate Days, ſhould be ſo followed, ſo applauded, ſo prized in his Life-Time, and ſo generally regretted at his Deceaſe.

It is a Queſtion if he had an Enemy--it is certain he never deſerved one; and he could not poſſibly be an Object of Envy, otherwiſe, than by being poſſeſſed of an uncommon Share of Merit.

As to his acquired Excellencies, his Learning and Taſte were ſo blended, that it was difficult to ſay, whether his Learning produced his Taſte, or his Taſte regulated his Learning: Certain it is, that they both ſat as eaſy on him, as if they had been co-eval with his own Exiſtence.

The Virtues of Humanity as they met in him, ſo did they never look ſo amiable, as when combined with a Temper ſo conſtitutionally ſweet, and ſo naturally tractable.

Univerſal Applauſe, which even in the moſt eminent Men is ſequeſtered till after Death, as a reverſionary Tribute payable to the Memory of deceaſed Greatneſs, was in his Life-Time (though an uncommon Exaction) levied on the Tongues of all, who contributed what in their Power lay, to diſplay the Senſibility of their Hearts, and the juſt Acknowledgments due to an upright Liver, an agreeable Friend, a valuable Acquaintance, an earneſt Preacher, generous to his Enemies, benevolent to the Wretched, the Poor, and the Forlorn ;---and tender to every Connection that lay within his Reach, or came under the Inſpection of his Search; for he ſought the Unhappy as earneſtly as others fled them, and having found them in their deſerted Condition, ſought every Means of uniting them again to Society.

Nor was he reſtrained from theſe laudable Actions by the private Twitches of Self-Love, all ſuch Motives, being abſorbed in that univerſal Benevolence which was extended to all, and every of the human Species.

The Confidence ſo conſtantly placed in him, put it in his Power to enrich himſelf, by the large and frequent Collections which he made, (and which, few but he, had Intereſt enough to make) to relieve the Diſtreſſes of Mankind, whenever they came under his Obſervation; but a Pittance of ſuch large Sums, entruſted to his Probity, his unſtained Fidelity, and unſhaken Integrity, forbad him to touch; and even a Guinea became ſuperfluous, when the Wretched called for it.

He never appeared in the Auſterities of Religion, or the Rigours of Prieſthood, but when Place and Time ſeemed to demand them: That divine Love which his Maſter had preached up, was always inforced by him in the Pulpit, and confirmed by his Practice, both public and private; a Love that ſweet-

tens

tens every thing about it, like an Aromatic Spice, or an *Arabian* Perfume.

He was as harmleſs, as innocent, and yet as blithe as the Lambkin or Kidling that ſports in the flowery Lawn, or ſkips about the rich Paſtures of Summer. He knew Vice but in Theory; and made Virtue, and its Purſuits, his invariable Practice; though he truly, and deeply underſtood the Doctrinal Part.

His Word, like Electricity, permeated through the Breaſts of Thouſands who were his Hearers, and gave the Shock to ten Thouſand who confeſſed its Force and Energy: Though he ſometimes appealed to the Paſſions, his more general Conduct was to argue to the Judgment and the Reaſon, which he never failed leaving in a State of Conviction.

I remember once, in demonſtrating the precarious Situation of this tranſitory Life, he exhibited himſelf as the Spectacle of Horror, which he thus deſcribed in his harmonious Style, accompanied with the moſt affecting Voice, pathetic Delivery, and engaging Addreſs:

"You

" You ſee me here in the Preſence of
" you all, a young Man in the Bloom
" of Life, in the Strength and Meridian of
" of my Days; you hear me diſtinctly ſpeak-
" ing the Precepts of my Saviour, my Lord,
" and my God, for your Edification, and well
" being both here, and hereafter; yet ſoon
" ſhall I be taken from you, my dear Con-
" gregation, by the irreverſible Decree of
" Death, from which there lies no Appeal.--
" ſoon ſhall this firm Body, ſo erect, and
" theſe Hands ſo diſplayed, be laid proſtrate
" on the Earth; ſoon ſhall theſe Eyes, which
" now behold you with Love and Reſpect, be
" ſunk in the Depths of their Sockets; ſoon
" ſhall this Fleſh, which now cloaths this Frame
" of Bone-Work, rot from my Joints, and
" leave me a rejected Carcaſs, perhaps hide-
" ous to the Worms which are devouring
" me, while I lie the deſtitute Inhabitant of
" ſome dreary Vault, horrid to the Eye, and
" loathſome to the Smell.--Conſider, O well
" conſider this Change, and make me a Mo-
" ment the Object of ſuch Contemplations;
" for all this Change will as certainly happen
" to each, and every Individual, from the
" faireſt

" faireſt and moſt florid, to the moſt decay'd " and ſickly among you; from the moſt opu- " lent, to the moſt wretched; from the Beauty " and Fullneſs of Youth, to the ſapleſs " Wrinkles of old Age." He wept himſelf and his Hearers wept with him, their Bowels yearned within them, nor could they withſtand the Torrent of his Words; he then by the ſame Power, a Power I confeſs to have met in none but himſelf, laid that Shower of Tears which he had cauſed, and thus proceeded; " The Thoughts of Death are " ſo tremendous, ſo terrible to human Con- " ception, the Contemplation of this King " of Terrors ſo ſhocking to the boldeſt of the " Race of Men, that our Creator in his " wonted Goodneſs has ſcattered innumerable " Objects around us, to blunt the Shafts of " his Horrors, always bent againſt us. Lo! " what a Profuſion of Comforts, what a " Waſte of Sweets has Nature's magnificent " Store-Houſe! her Cabinets are enriched " with invaluable Gems, and every Blade of " Graſs carries with it its peculiar Bleſſing to " divert us from the Gloom of ſo uneaſy a " Reflection. Hark! how the Concert of the " Groves alarms the Ear---What Melody at-

" tunes

" tunes the Woodland and the Foreſt; but " ſee her Colours, the blooming Evergreens " delight the Eye, how lively to the Sight; " how various, how mixed, and how blend- " ed are her Hues; what a Luxuriance of " Sweets adorn her Boſom! Well might our " Saviour ſay, They ſpin not, neither do they " labour; yet *Solomon* in all his Glory was not " array'd like one of theſe." On theſe Words, the Gloom, which his Deſcription of Death had raiſed, was entirely diſſipated, and a ſweet Compoſure ſat on the Countenances of all who heard him.

To avoid Evil and to do Good, is undoubtedly the Duty of every Man, who cometh into the World: By the firſt, he keepeth himſelf chaſte, and out of temporal as well as ſpiritual Danger; he ſetteth a Pattern of holy Living, and layeth the Foundation of a Converſation with God, on Earth, as the Patriarch *Enoch* did: By the latter, he eſpouſeth the Cauſe of moral Religion, as derived from the Religion of Nature; and moſt certainly does an Honour to revealed Myſteries which conſtrain our Belief. But to avoid Evil and to do Good in theſe degenerate Days, this

Æra

Æra of corrupt Doings, this Reign of Libertiniſm, were indeed two Difficulties; when the Paſſions of Men, the Cuſtoms of a vitiated Age, ſeem to ſtare Modeſty and Chaſtity out of Countenance, at leaſt out of Faſhion. To be, therefore, ſingularly good and innocent, was what conſtituted the characteriſtic Badge of this Prodigy of our Days, in the Life of Dr. MURPHY; and for this Reaſon, the dimming this Star of our Hemiſphere, was the more lamented, and the more juſtly deplored.

But as it is affirmed by Naturaliſts, that there are Fountains of freſh Waters found in the Middle of the briny Ocean, ſo did this exemplary Liver conduct himſelf in theſe depraved Waters of ſecular Iniquity, without having contracted the leaſt Contagion. Springs of ſweet Piety may, ſometimes, be found amid the brackiſh Torrents of Vice. *Cæſar* having marched his Army by the Sea-ſide, and his Soldiers being thirſty with Fatigue, is recorded to have paſſed the Sea-Water by Filtration through many Strata of Sand, by which Means the ſaline Particles were detached from the Waters, and being

left

left behind in the Sands, the unmixed and pure Streams flowed into a large and capacious Pit, where his Soldiers drank and refreſhed their parched Pallates. Thus born in a corrupt World, born in original Sin, he paſſed through the Forms and Modes of this infected Age, and left every Foible which might ſtain, every Folly which might lead aſtray, even his very Paſſions and Appetites behind, and thus run pure and limpid, forming a capacious Piece of Water in a ſanctified Life and Example, whence fatigued Sinners may draw Draughts of eternal Counſel and Godlineſs.

For indeed in this Singularity of Devotion, which he early commenced, he reſembled *the Pelican in the Wilderneſs, or the Night-Crow in the Houſe*; and was like *the ſolitary Sparrow in the Houſe-Top*. He made his ſpiritual Retreat, and lived unmoved by temporal Intereſts, even amidſt the Hurry and Turmoils of exterior Employments; and to this Manner of Living he was ſo habituated, that to live out of it, would have been as difficult to him, as for the moſt defiled Sinner to leave off his wicked Courſes and turn Anchorite.

To

To him Virtue was her own Reward, and he found the moſt ſenſible Satisfaction in doing Good, lamenting with *Titus*, when he one Day happened to do no material Service to his People, *Perdidi Diem*, I have loſt a Day.

His blithe Converſation, and jocund Air, free from all Severity, gained him the Friendſhip of many who differed from him in Opinion; and though he was a moſt able Advocate for the Principles which he had adopted, a moſt powerful Diſputant and Reaſoner, yet he never begun a Converſation where Religion, or Politicks, might break that cordial Union and Affection, which were the Cement of their Friendſhip: His Audience was generally mixed in the Place of his Worſhip, becauſe Crowds of all Sects and Opinions flocked eagerly to hear him. But Perſuaſion and Conviction are not the Gifts of all Tongues; and Men are conſtantly found to differ from one another in point of Underſtanding, as in that of Faces or Sentiments.

THE God of Nature made an unuſual and magnificent Donation to the World, the twenty-ſeventh of *December*, 1710, being

on St. *John* the Evangeliſt's Day, from which Accident he was called *John*, the Day on which this pious Perſon entered into this Scene of Mortality, and whence he has ſo lately made a moſt glorious Exit, having remained a ſhort, but important Time in it.

Johannem Juvenem Mors rapuit rabida,—
Quare?
Numerans Virtutes, credidit eſſe Senem.

Juſt in his Prime Death ſnatch'd him in a Rage,
Who can adjudge the ſolid Reaſon, why?
Reck'ning his Virtues, he miſtook his Age,
And from thoſe Virtues thought him ripe to die.

For ſuch a Collection of Virtues would have taken up a Man of leſs Abilities a whole Century. He was a Miſer in hoarding Excellencies, but profuſe of good Actions; not that he could be ſaid to waſte, or throw them away, except when they happened, like good Seed, to fall on Rocks and barren Ground.

The Public is ever watchful to ſatisfy their Curioſity in regard to the moſt minute Circumſtances that can be collected in the Lives of

of eminent Men; and when we are not able to detect ſuch Particulars, we are fond of forming to ourſelves, Ideas faſhioned to our own Conceptions of ſuch or ſuch Perſons. Whence deſcended? and of what Age? are common Queſtions obvious to every Curioſity.—But we are fond of deſcending to more minute Matters, when Men famed for any Excellency in Body, or Mind, are no more.

Hence it is that we ſee the Print-Shops ſo full of the Heads and Reſemblances of Perſons remarkable for Wit, Piety, or Learning.

Yet ſo invincible was the Modeſty of this Reverend and Learned Perſon, that all Application was fruitleſs to obtain a Copy of his Lineaments; and one Perſon attempting to take off his Likeneſs from a Picture, and to engrave it on a Copper-Plate, was by him ſent for, and aſked what Profit he propoſed to himſelf by ſuch a Print, and being anſwered, the Doctor choſe to pay the Engraver the very Sum propoſed, rather than grant his Permiſſion to the Publication.

He was deſcended, by the Father's Side, from the antient Family of the *Mac Morroghs*, now vulgarly called *Murphys*; that Family which brought in *Strongbow* with the *Engliſh* Archers. His Grandfather, *Owen Murphy*, in 1690, ſerved as Captain in King *James*'s Army, and was taken Priſoner at *Ballimore Lough Seudy* by the oppoſite Party: He was, with other Officers, ſent over to *London*, and thence tranſmitted to *France* on the Articles of *Limerick*, and ſerved as a Colonel in the *Iriſh* Regiments in the *French* Service, where he died, at a Place called by the *Iriſh*, the *Black Iſland*, in *Germany*, being ſent on a Party thither.

This *Owen* had two Brothers of Rank, but chiefly regretted his Son *Bryan*, whom he left behind, nine Years of Age, when he was taken Priſoner.

A Forſterer, or Dependant of his, from the Ties of Affection and Duty ſo natural to the *Iriſh* Clans, took the Orphan into his Care, and having ſome Intereſt with the *Engliſh*, he apprenticed him to Mr. *Wil-*

loughby,

loughby in *Thomas-Street*, a very eminent Chandler.

Willoughby being of the Church of *Scotland*, called Diſſenters, took his Apprentice with him to the Meeting, and bred him up in his own Principles; though ſome think Mr. MURPHY had always a Fondneſs for the Religion of his Anceſtors.

By the Mother's Side, he has a Title to claim from the *Mac Mahon* Family, by the *Engliſh* called the *Matthewses*; a very antient and noble Family in this Kingdom, and ſo well known in Hiſtory, that it would be impertinent here, to expatiate on ſo good a Deſcent.

Alice Mac Mahon, the Mother of our Reverend Divine, was Daughter of *James Mac Mahon*, Eſq; High Sheriff of the County of *Louth* in King *James*'s Reign, a Poſt of larger Importance in thoſe Days than it is now. —He and his Brothers with their Adherents, were the principal Gentlemen in that County, who poſſeſſed the beſt Eſtates, and had the

greateſt Influence in all Matters of Power or Competition: She was by Father and Mother's Side very nearly allied, (as a firſt Couſin) and further removed by the Mother (as a ſecond Couſin) to the then Lords of *Louth* and *Bellew*.

We are obliged to be ſo particular in the Genealogy and Deſcent of this worthy Gentleman, as we are apprized, that ſome Perſons are willing to inſinuate the mean, baſe born Deſcent of Dr. MURPHY; and as we have been advertiſed of their Miſtake, we warn them to permit the Aſhes of ſuch eminent Virtue to lie quiet, and not diſturb the peaceful Embers of the Dead by ſuch low Surmiſes; for admitting he was ſprung from the meaneſt Parentage, what a Luſtre do his Life and Morals reflect upon his Anceſtors, of what State or Rank ſoever they happened to be:

Virtus unica Nobilitas, ſays the Poet.

And again,

Stemmata quid faciunt?

If

If Virtue be the only true Nobility, what can a Libertine tho' Nobilitated, avail himself of all the Lineage drawn from Heraldry, or the moſt luxuriant Branches of Deſcent which a King at Arms can make out?

As to the Rank of Life wherein Dr. MURPHY's Father ſtood (that of a Mechanic) though a very creditable Employment, we have already ſaid it was owing to the Troubles and Reduction of *Ireland*.

Families of higher Stations were left at the loweſt Ebb, by that Turn and Revolution in State.

His Father, having ſerved his Time to Mr. *Willoughby*, married *Alice Mac Mahon* his Country-Woman, who, though Siſter to the then High Sheriff, and Couſin to two Noble Lords, yet being well acquainted with her Woer's Birth, and the opulent Circumſtances of his People in the County of *Armagh*, did not think it derogating from her Blood to give her Hand to a Tallow-Chandler.

The

The Profeſſion of a Man can never efface his Birth, nor can a Chimney-Sweeper's Family be a Whit leſſened or ſtained by the Soot of his Employment.

Many Perſons of Repute and Circumſtance are Witneſſes of what we here advance, and very well know that Dr. MURPHY's Parents kept the beſt and the genteeleſt Houſe in that Quarter of the Town where they reſided, and being conſcious of their Birth, ever ſhewed a Spirit of Hoſpitality adequate to their Deſcent.

She, who was truly pious and ſtrict in Principles, trained him up in her own Profeſſion, which was that of the Church of *Rome*; therefore we are not without Reaſon ſurprized at the Aſſertions of ſome Perſons who affirmed ſhe was a Diſſenter, ſince it is a Fact well known, that it was from her being otherwiſe, that her Son went abroad to the Univerſity, and entered into Holy Orders.

It.

It may reaſonably be aſked why his Father, who was a Diſſenter, did not engage himſelf more warmly in the training up his Child according to the Principles which he himſelf had adopted?

Where ſuch Things happen every Day, it is no way ſurprizing. The old Gentleman, it is true, by a mere Contingency, was educated in Conformity to the Doctrine of the Church of *Scotland* as by Law eſtabliſhed; but we may very naturally ſuppoſe, that the ſame Perſon who had bound him Apprentice to Mr. *Willoughby* viſited him frequently, and thoroughly informed him, touching his Birth, Principles, and Extraction; it is to be preſumed, he let him into the Story of his Father's Misfortunes, and of the Cauſes of his Exile: We are prone to adopt the Principles of our Anceſtors, to condole with them on their Sufferings, and though trained up in oppoſite Prejudices, to lament, nay often take Part with their unhappy Lot.

We often caſt an Eye back to the Place from whence we came, with a Retroſpect to

Caſualties.

Caſualties preliminary to our preſent Situation. The Factors of Parties, the warm Advocates of Doctrines, who have even availed themſelves of Factions, who have ſtrongly militated on the Side of their darling Schemes, have, notwithſtanding, commiſerated the Misfortunes of their loſt Friends: Why need I touch Hiſtory to prove that Fathers have fought againſt Sons, Brothers againſt Brothers in a differing Struggle?

Amid the Embaraſſments of Life we cannot forget the Bands of Amity, we cannot (*Nature will not*) break the Tyes of ſocial Connection; Relation, Vicinity, or whatever other Thread, by which we are joined in Proximity to the correlative Side, binds us to the amicable Offices and Duties of that Reſpect.

Hence, probably, it is that the old Gentleman might not have been ſo ſanguine in the Education of his Son, and ſo might have conceded, to the Interpoſition of his Wife; nay we may date from the ſame Reaſoning, the Junction of a Diſſenter and a Roman Catholick, in Marriage, mainly differing, and diame-

diametrically oppoſite; and we ſhall have preſently Occaſion to animadvert on this very Point, when we come to ſpeak of the old Gentleman's Death.

"Sir," ſaid his Father to him one Day, (being ruffled in Temper) "you may go "where you will, and do as you pleaſe; pa-"ternal Authority ſhall never interpoſe." This ſudden Reſignation gave the Doctor a Latitude in Thought which he little expected, who as ſuddenly made his Departure from this Scene of Vice, to the Road of Heaven, a long and hazardous Voyage, a ſtormy Ocean, and a boiſterous World: He was, as I have heard him ſay, in an Extacy, and became a Devotee from that Inſtant.

With a View to his Anceſtry, whence he derived his Being, he really determined to be *a Nobleman in Virtue*; and ſince he could not reclaim his loſt and primitive Luſtre, he vowed to become that bright Luminary, which has ſince reflected Light and Radiance back on his antient Race.

He

He would often converſe with his Father on the Principles of Religion, but the Diſpute ſeldom ended calmly, and he at that early Seaſon had formed a Notion of convincing him, though ſo much above him in Years and Experience.

He really was the ableſt Natural Logician I ever met with.

The early Marks of his Piety and Devotion appeared when he was at School, for being acquainted with ſome of his Cotemporaries who were in poor Circumſtances, he conſtantly fed them at his Mother's Table, and was never better employed than when he was exerciſing ſome Act of Benevolence towards them.

This Spirit of Generoſity characterized his whole Life after, and early Hopes were conceived of him, which he lived to confirm by his future Conduct.

His great Senſe, Talents, his Genius, and uncommon Addreſs reached the inmoſt Re-

ceſſes

ceſſes of the Hearts of his Hearers, and may be deemed as the Cauſe which effected every good Purpoſe that he formed.

He had a Power and Manner of enforcing any Thing he ſaid, quite natural and peculiar to himſelf, for his Temper was from his Youth up, clear, free, and diſengaged from Paſſion; nor was it in the Power of an extraordinary Incident to break in upon the Compoſure of his Mind or Countenance.

After he had paſſed through the Authors, he, according to his former determined Reſolution, aſked and took Leave of his Parents to finiſh his Studies abroad. His Fellow Student was the Companion of his Voyage, and an Eye-Witneſs of his firſt launching into the World, from his School in St. *Audeon's Arch*, kept by the *Reillys*, very eminent for their Method of teaching, and wherein he made a great Figure.

But before we loſe Sight of him at home, I cannot forbear mentioning another very early Proof of his charitable Diſpoſition to Mankind, which happened at Ten Years of

Age. His Mother had given him a Shilling to buy ſomething ſhe wanted, and as he was going on the Errand, he ſaw a Set of Ruffian Conſtables tearing one another to Pieces, curſing and ſwearing about a Shilling, and having aſked one of them boldly concerning the Matter in Diſpute, he gave them the Shilling which ſilenced the Quarrel: His Mother being told of it before he came home, aſked him why he parted ſo ſillily with his Money? To which his Reply was, that he had bought off a Multitude of Oaths, and profane Imprecations, with ſo trifling a Sum as a Shilling. Indeed it has ever ſince been his Cuſtom to watch Vice, to detect, and if poſſible, to reclaim it.

He left his Native Country, and ſailed from *Dublin* in *October*, 1727, (being then ſixteen Years of Age) with a View to his future Improvements in Philoſophy and Divinity.

He ſailed on board Captain *Tyre*, for *Spain*, together with the Companion of his Studies, (and ſince the Aſſiſtant of his Miniſtry,) now in *Dublin*, on whoſe veritable Information,

mation, we may depend for a very notable Paſſage at his firſt Entrance into Life.

A violent Storm, with a ſtrong South-Weſt Wind, drove the Veſſel too near the *Corniſh* Coaſt, off of *St. Ives's*, and not far from *Falmouth* in *England*.

As the Danger grew more imminent, and Shipwreck ſeemed inevitable, the Commander, at length reſigning to Providence, acquainted the Paſſengers that the Ship could not live many Minutes more, all prepared to take to the Boat, except our intrepid Youth, who, to the Remonſtrances of the Captain and his Friend, replied——"No, I have a "greater Work in hand, which I hope to "effect"—When lo! to the Surprize of all, he was ſerenely, and with a compoſed, though earneſt Addreſs, uſing his utmoſt Endeavours to convert a ſick Jew, and recommending to him that important Moment, that irrevocable Minute to lay hold on the Faith in JESUS CHRIST, as the only Means of Salvation.

The Storm on a ſudden abated, nor could it otherwiſe be expected, but that on ſo un-

wonted a Reſpite of the Tempeſt, the Captain, the Paſſengers, and even the Jew ſhould look upon the Youth as a Prodigy of Piety, and actually did from that Moment deem him, in the Hands of Providence, the Inſtrument of their Eſcape from the Jaws of Death.

That at ſo early a Period, a Youth ſhould prefer the Salvation and Converſion of a Soul to his own temporal Safety, is a Circumſtance as uncommon, as preſaging of that Variety of Wonders which crowded into his future Life; at ſo early an Age, a Period, when too many of his unripe Years are taken up with the Expectations of Fortune, and the ſeeming Advantages of a vain-glorious World, to pay no Regard to his own Safety, ſo he might inſure his immortal Soul by ſo meritorious a Work.

All were amazed at the Intrepidity of a Youth, who could at ſo dreadful an Inſtant, and on ſo emergent an Occaſion, look Death and Danger in the Face, nay, Death and Danger in the moſt terrible Forms, that Deſpair could preſent him with; far from his Friends, on a barbarous and intractable Element,

Element, an Apparatus ſufficient to diſmay the Heart of a *Cæſar*, who on the ſame Occaſion, with leſs Piety to his Gods, vain-gloriouſly ſaid to the affrighted Pilot, *Quid times? Cæſarem vehis, & Fortunas ſuas; Why do you tremble? the Freight is Cæſar and his Fortune.*— He laid all on his own Importance, and ſecured by a kind of Predeſtination, looked calmly on the Menace of the Waves; he too was uſed to the Fickleneſs of the Billows, and from frequent Eſcapes in Danger had contracted a callous and undaunted Spirit; he had all the Manlineſs of a matur'd Age, and the Confidence, which Experience often brings to ſupport him in the Hour of Danger —— therefore from a Heathen, little verſed in the Myſteries of future Rewards and Puniſhments, ſuch Words ſavour not of that Magnanimity, as they too often are deemed to import.

On the other hand, behold in the ſame terrible Exigency, a Child in his ſixteenth Year, removed from the Arms of his indulgent Parents, expoſed to an inclement Ocean (the Rocks, he was ready to ſplit on, before his Eyes,) deaf to the Remonſtrances of his Friends,

whoſe very Fears might have infected him; behold him arguing with a Jew, and labouring to convert him from Infidelity; hear him reply in theſe Words to his Friends,---"*I have a* "*greater Work in hand, and hope to effect it*"--- Words of a much higher Import than thoſe of the *Roman* Hero---

"*You carry Cæſar and his Fortunes.*"

Who can but think with the Paſſengers, that the Mitigation of the Storm, might have been owing to that ultimate Confidence which he placed in the Merits of his Redeemer.

But incluſive of natural Cauſes, which may be ſuppoſed aſſiſting to, and concomitant with, miraculous Deliverances, does not ſo notable a Paſſage ſeem to point out this Circumſtance, as an early and glaring Preſage of the ſurprizing, and truly meritorious Actions, for which he was moſt certainly reſerved, and to the Deſtiny of which, Heaven did at this Juncture ſo happily and wonderfully interpoſe?

What

What makes this Circumſtance more ſtriking, is, that the Jew, inattentive alſo to his own Safety, poſtponed his Life to the Arguments of this pious young Gentleman, and by a paſſive Acknowledgment of the Powers of his Oratory, teſtified the Meaſure of his Gratitude, to one who ſeemed ſo uncommonly intereſted in his Salvation, and acquieſced to hear him, till the Storm abated; nor when they arrived on Shore, could the Jew's Eyes be well ſeparated from the Object of their Wonder and Eſteem.

I have heard this Storm deſcribed in the moſt dreadful Particulars: The Winter 1734 was very remarkable through all *Europe* for the moſt boiſterous Weather at Sea, and the fore-mentioned Companion was at Sea that very Seaſon from *October* to *February*, four Months without being able to make Land, yet has he averred, that the Storm in 1727 was by far greater, and more dangerous, than any which happened in theſe four tempeſtuous Months; add to this, that the Veſſel in 1727 was leaky off *Falmouth*, and took in ſeveral Feet of Water. The Owner of the Veſſel

Veſſel though unwilling to go aſhore, and though determined to ſtand off at Sea (having contraband Goods a-board,) yet was obliged to go into Port at the Riſque of his Ship and Cargo.

Shall we then call this a miraculous Eſcape from Death? No, it rather ſeemed a Diſpoſition in Divine Providence, to reſerve ſo eminent a Perſon for the Acts of Goodneſs and important Virtue, which he afterwards lived to perform; as the Captain that Night on Shore really thought, and declared at the ſame Time, that the largeſt Man of War could not weather ſo great a Hurricane as laſted that dreadful Night.

He took Ship from *Falmouth* to go in the Packet, thence to the *Groyne*, but on account of the beſieging *Gibraltar* by the *Spaniards*, the uſual Courſe of the Packet was changed from the *Groyne* to *Liſbon*, a much longer Paſſage, and the Cauſe of a twelve Days Journey by Land from *Liſbon* to *St. Jago* in *Galicia*.

His Companion (after the Danger before-mentioned) had, while at *Falmouth*, uſed all the

the Arguments he was Maſter of, to prevail on him to return to *Dublin*, and had agreed with a Captain for that Purpoſe; but our young Student knowing that ſuch a Return might prove a Bar to his future Deſignations, and that the Tenderneſs of his Parents might endeavour to keep him at home from the Dangers of the Sea, prevailed on his Fellow Traveller to proceed on their Journey.

They agreed with the Captain of the Packet, who was to ſail for *Liſbon* the following Morning, and had a quick Paſſage in five Days.

When arrived at *Liſbon*, it was no eaſy Matter to travel a Journey of twelve Days without a Word of the Language of the Country, beſide the Hazard of being robbed and murdered by the *Banditti* which infeſted the Roads at that Time; for almoſt at every two or three Miles Diſtance there were Monuments of the Villainy and Cruelty of theſe Robbers fixed up, imploring the Travellers to pray for the Soul of ſuch, or ſuch a Perſon murdered at that Place, yet theſe young Gentlemen had the good Fortune to meet with a

Country-

Countryman of theirs, one Captain *Carrol*, who underſtood the *Portugueze* Language, and conducted them as far as *St. Jago*, within one Days Journey of the *Groyne*.

Here he ſuſtained the uſual Examinations, making a prodigious and rapid Advancement to the Surprize of all the College: For tho' his Memory was uncommon, yet his Wit was lively, and notwithſtanding Mr. *Look* obſerves Wit and Judgment ſeldom to enter into the ſame Man, he certainly poſſeſſed both in a diſtinguiſhed Manner.

But perhaps theſe high Abilities, and great Talents, might not ſo much recommend him to the Favour of his Superiors and Cotemporaries, as did his very innocent, chaſte and temperate Conduct, to the Love and Eſteem of all; for the happy, the conſtitutional Mildneſs, Sweetneſs and Complacency of his Temper, could adapt itſelf to the peeviſh, the teſty, and the froward: And with this natural Eaſe he enjoyed all the exterior Accompliſhments, which, on firſt Sight, beſpeak Love; a fine Addreſs, an elegant Delivery, a charm-

a charming Voice, with an admirable Readineſs and Clearneſs of Comprehenſion.

He was truly a Genius, and had that tall Faculty of Mind, whoſe Supereminence entitles it to overlook all mean and trifling Conceptions, and to fix on Objects worthy its Contemplation; for at eighteen Years of Age he was well verſed in the *Engliſh*, *Latin*, *Greek*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, and *Portugueze* Languages, and was an excellent Poet in moſt of them.

At this very early Age he compoſed a Copy of Verſes in the *Latin* Language, allowed by the beſt Judges to inherit the true *Roman* Salt, Taſte and Purity: It was on the Promotion of Dr. *Bermudas* to the Biſhoprick of *Aſtorg*, in the Kingdom of *Leon* in *Spain*: This met with univerſal Applauſe, and was printed at the Requeſt of the Learned.

He was particularly admired by the famous Dr. *Lloyd*, a moſt celebrated Orator and Linguiſt; and by the Reverend *Miles Milan*, the beſt Profeſſor of Rhetoric that has appeared this Century. Dr. *James Dillon*, now one of the

the moſt diſtinguiſhed Civilians, looked on Mr. MURPHY with Eyes of Wonder.

As Teachers are naturally rejoiced to hear of their Pupils Succeſs, Mr. *Milan*, when he heard of ſome very extraordinary Performances by ſome of his own Youths, declared, that if he had enjoyed the Honour of Mr. MURPHY's Education, it would have completed his other Triumphs in Literature, and that his Glory would be uncommon.

It is not impoſſible, but that the Delicacy of Taſte, which gave a Luſtre to all his Performances, might have taken its Riſe from one Particular in his Childhood, which was, that his Father thinking him too reſerved for a Boy, gave him all the Accompliſhments which might make him fond of Gaiety, and to that End had him educated by the beſt Maſters in Dancing, Muſick, and other polite Branches, in which he was a Proficient; having by Rote all the beſt and moſt bright Parts of every Play, and being able to perform ſecond Fiddle at Concerts before he was twelve Years old.

The

The Clearneſs of his Head, and his great Talents, appeared in nothing ſo much, as his very lately making himſelf a Maſter of the *Italian* Language in three Months Abode in *Italy*; in which he addreſſed ſeveral Perſons, who refuſed to hear him in any other Tongue, obſerving to him, that his foreign Accent gave them Pleaſure, at the ſame Time that they were aſtoniſhed at ſo quick an Acquiſition of a Language, entirely new to him.

He went through his Studies with Facility and Addreſs, and even ſuſtained the *Acto major*, a Title very ſeldom allowed to Foreigners, but granted to him on Account of his Genius and Morals.

His Severities and Rigours were confined to himſelf in private, and kept ſecret from all others; for though he was often ſuſpected to come newly from exerciſing ſuch Auſterities on himſelf, he would all on a ſudden aſſume an Air of Gaiety and Mirth, in order to conceal his inward Contrition: So much and ſo little of the Hypocrite was he

poſſeſſed of, that rather than make the leaſt Parade of Religion, or Shew of Rigour, he choſe to diſſemble with Man, to become worthy of God, who alone knew the Secrets of his Heart.

It is known, though he endeavoured to conceal it, that he always wore a Hair-Cloth Shirt or *Cilicium*, of the coarſeſt Stuff next his Skin, that his Watchings were ſevere, and his Faſtings much beyond his Conſtitution. His Eyes have been found red from Tears, when few or none knew that they were the Tears of Penitence; and when he exacted ſuch frequent and ſuch cruel Mortifications from his Body, it was complained of, by ſome who had an Intereſt in his Life, to certain of his Superiors who had a Right to inſpect into ſuch Affairs; they told him, they had been informed privately of ſuch Severities, and begged to expoſtulate with him on the Affair; they reaſoned with him on the Value that his Life was to his Pariſhioners and Hearers, that as he had rendered himſelf a moſt exemplary Liver, and a powerful Exhorter, it became neceſſary to preſerve that Health which was conducive to the Good and Welfare of Thouſands, who

availed

availed themſelves of his Charities, and profited by his Life and Example: To all which he anſwered, laying his Hand on his Heart, "Alas! you know not, my dear Friends, "what a Sinner I have in View, whoſe Humiliation is my Object, and to reclaim "whoſe Frailties, is, and muſt be my conſtant "Contemplation."

And after all, he was a moſt joyous Companion, adapting himſelf to all People, ſuiting himſelf to every Taſte, rallying others, and bearing Raillery with Mirth and Gaiety.

How frequently do the Generality of learned Men appear uncouth, petulant, aukward, or baſhful in Company; yet in him, Politeneſs and natural Eaſe were ſo blended, and ſo equally mixed, that one would have taken him to be a Native of *Verſailles*, or *Madrid*.

There was no being ſad in his Converſation; of which he was the Life and Soul, and which grew flat or inſipid when he left it, ſo much was he beloved; and this at the ſame Time that his Auſterities were as ſevere as thoſe of many Saints or Hermits.

Among the Exerciſe of Virtues, we ſhould prefer that which is moſt conformable to our Station, not that which is moſt agreeable to our Humour or Fancy.

St. *Paula* delighted to exerciſe the Virtue of corporal Mortification, that ſo ſhe might more eaſily enjoy Tranquillity of Spirit, when freed from the Avocations of Appetites, and theſe ſhe exerciſed upon herſelf ſo ſeverely, that St. *Hierome* ſays, ſhe was to be cenſured, in uſing immoderate Abſtinence contrary to her Biſhop's Advice.

Several holy Men and Women ſelected ſome Virtue to be the Object of their Practice.

St. *John*, Biſhop of *Alexandria*, (called St. *John* the Almoner,) delighted in Works of Mercy.

Eulogius of *Alexandria*, deſiring that his Works might ſo ſhine before Men, that they may be acceptable to God, exerciſed his active Mind in viſiting the Sick and Impriſoned; he received a miſerable Wretch once infected with

with a Leproſy, that he might mortify his own Senſes by attending ſo nauſeous and loathſome an Object; and to bind himſelf to this Office, he made a Vow, and injoined himſelf to attend the Leper with as much Care and Duty, as if he was indeed his Servant.

St. *Lewis*, the King, viſited Hoſpitals, and ſerved the Sick with his own Hands, as if he had been hired for Wages.

St. *Francis* above all things loved Poverty, which he termed his Miſtreſs, and the Spouſe of his Salvation.

St. *Dominick* never ceaſed Preaching; when he had done at one Chapel, ſet out for another, though a Mile Diſtance, and thus from Morning till Night.

St. *Gregory* took particular Delight in entertaining Pilgrims.

St. *Elizabeth* was never ſo well pleaſed as when ſhe was burying poor People at her own Charges, waſhing and ſtretching them, and attending them to the Place of Interment.

St. *Catherine* of *Genoa*, dedicated herſelf to ſerve an Hoſpital.

Caſſianus relates, that a devout Lady being deſirous to exerciſe the Virtue of Patience, applied to St. *Athanaſius*, who by her Conceſſion, placed with her as her Companion, a teſty, froward, choleric Widow, ſo wayward, peeviſh, and inſupportable, that ſhe gave the Lady ſufficient Occaſion to practiſe the Virtues of Patience, Meekneſs, and Reſignation.

Will it not be thought incredible, as it is truly aſtoniſhing, (and yet I aver it from the Teſtimony of ſome Thouſands,) that theſe ſeveral Virtues, and many more Modes of practie Goodneſs, centered in the Doctor? He ſerved the Sick with his own Hands; as to relieving the Poor, he was ſeldom a Moment of his Life but in laying out Ways and Means, nay contriving Schemes to ſupport them; he viſited Priſoners, redreſſed their Miſeries, and left them in a State of Conſolation, by the irrefragable Power of his Argument; he has watched for Strangers, near the Suburbs, going to the Country, enquired into the Length

of

of their Journey, the Money they had to bear their Expence, and gave them ſufficient for their Expedition.

He was uſually employed in reconciling Enemies, and in compromiſing Broils and other Piques between Neighbours, but the chief Bent, on which he laid the Streſs of his Wit and Learning, was to reform the Reprobate, to recall the Straggler, and place him again in the Fold of Grace: This was moſtly the Employment of his latter Life, and even the guilty Great have hid from him, when he has appeared to reprove them for Indiſcretion or Folly: So reverenced, and ſo much reſpected was he, for the Sanctity of his Morals, the Purity of his Conduct, and the Chaſtity of his Life.

That Earneſtneſs to do Good to all, he could poſſibly ſerve, obliged him to be frequently at a certain Shop in this City, which he called his Stand, where Cotton, *&c.* were ſold: And, if a poor Man, or Woman came in to buy any ſuch Commodity, he would ſay to them, ſuppoſe now, you had double that Quan-

Quantity, would not it bring in double Profit? Which being anſwered in the Affirmative, he would pay for the Goods, and ſend the poor People away contented: Nay, I have heard the Perſon who keeps the Shop, ſay, he ſo conſtantly drained his Pocket, that he was often forced to borrow a Halfpenny to buy the News-Paper.

But theſe were Chance-Objects of his Charity, and as we may ſay Extra's; how would it affect you Reader, to ſee the Liſt of his Intra-Penſioners, who fed on his Hand, and were conſtantly ſupplied by a Weekly Support? yes, Reader, he had I am well aſſured, ſeveral Hundred.

During a ſevere Courſe of cramp Study, his excellent Talents and clear Conception got the better of every Obſtacle; for the *Spaniſh* Philoſophy is vaſtly more abſtruſe than that of other Countries: I am told, that the Logic of *Burgerſdicius* is quite plain and ſimple, to the dry Quiddities of the *Spaniſh* Logic and Metaphyſics, which abound with a Rubbiſh of obſolete hypercritical Diſtinctions, yet the Genius of a *Murphy*, (while other Students

dents were tearing their Cajos, or Papers in Deſpair) ſo maſtered theſe Difficulties, that he always had many Hours of Leiſure and Vacation, which were moſtly dedicated to private Prayer.

His Tutor in Philoſophy was Dr. *John Harriſſon*, to whom he was recommended by ſome very eminent and learned Doctors, Gentlemen, who had been intimate with his Parents, and who had diſcovered the early Marks of Goodneſs and Genius, which afterwards appeared; nay, he ſo far out-topped the Recommendation, that he ſurprized his Tutor, who preferring him to the reſt of the *Iriſh*, and indeed the whole Body of the *Spaniſh* Students, nominated and appointed him to maintain a Theſis in Philoſophy in the ſecond Year of his Studies, which he executed, not more to the Satisfaction, than to the Aſtoniſhment of the whole Aſſembly, who were not without Reaſon ſurprized, to ſee and hear a Youth of Eighteen, ſupporting a Point of the moſt profound Philoſophy, in ſo ſtrong and maſterly a Manner.

Indeed,

Indeed, true Genius appears in nothing more than in this, that it ever puts to Flight all Oppoſition, baffles all Difficulty, ſurmounts the moſt arduous Arguments, unravels the moſt intricate and perplexing Matters, dives to the Profundities of Nature, and brings up with it her moſt precious Secrets, like the Sword of *Alexander*, it cuts the *Gordian* Knots of Science, and puts to the Rout all Competition. *This* is *Genius*, and this he poſſeſſed in a moſt eminent Degree.

It happened, in 1729, on the Feaſt of St. *Patrick*, that the *Spaniſh* Divine (who was preaching on the Occaſion) fell down dead, having the Inſtant before exhorted his Hearers to a quick and ſudden Contrition; Mr. MURPHY took up this melancholy Incident, and made a moſt pathetic Diſcourſe on the Uncertainty of the Hour of Death, to his young Admirers, in ſome ſuch Words as follow---"Oh! my Fellow-Students and dear "Companions, ſo ſhocking a Circumſtance "as this, which but juſt now had almoſt "curdled the Blood at my Heart, at length "unlocks my Tongue, and commands me

"to

" to take up the Subject where the Reverend
" Deceaſed left it. It was to us he directed
" his powerful Exhortations, to us giddy and
" unwary Youth, againſt whom the Tempter
" is for ever framing Wiles, dreſſed up and
" adapted to the Taſte of our Inexperience:
" He ſpoke from his Knowledge, and exem-
" plified, by a ſudden Death, the Neceſſity of
" as ſudden a Reformation from Vice. This
" Hour, this Minute, perhaps this Inſtant,
" the Scythe of Death, aimed at our Throat,
" is ready to ſtrike the fatal Blow, which muſt
" cut us from all the ſocial Joys of Life, till
" the laſt Day calls us to Judgment; then
" ſhall thoſe Hearts, which now exult within
" your warm Boſom, heave no more, no
" longer be tranſported with diſtracting Paſ-
" ſions, which break the interior Tranquillity
" of the Soul, and ſet it at Variance with her
" own Faculties.

" Oh! how dreadful to think, that the
" Abyſs of Eternity is now ready to open for
" ſome one of this Aſſembly. Heaven only
" knows, who next is on the Liſt of that in-
" exorable Monarch, that King of Terrors.
" Each of us here preſent is advanced ſo

" many

" many Paces to the Goal of Fate, ſince I
" have began to ſpeak: But as ſudden
" Death is ſo common, as it has here been
" thrown into Copy before our Eyes, let us
" this Inſtant, this preſſing Second, while yet
" the Day-ſhine of Life dawns to the Sight,
" ſnatch the Golden Opportunity, and im-
" mediately devote ourſelves to Heaven,
" that when he cometh, he may find us on
" our Guard, watchful Centinels on our Poſt,
" ſtationed in that Reſpect of Duty which we
" ought to fill; and not detect us in libidi-
" nous Courſes, in Luxury, Riot, Plea-
" ſure, worldly Buſineſs, or Sleep; even
" now the Dead Warrant may be ſigning,
" and the Meſſenger on his Way to deli-
" ver it."

Theſe Words he ſpoke with ſo much Ardour, and Fervour of Spirit, his Paſſions riſing to his Face, that he actually frightened the whole Aſſembly of Youth into a ſudden and unfeigned Contrition; and many of them owe their Reformation to the Oratory of that Day. This he delivered in moſt elegant and pure *Spaniſh*, of which he made himſelf Maſter in ſo ſhort a Space of Time.

Hence

Hence it became his Favourite Topic during the Remainder of his Life, and it was by this Force, this Energy, and Spirit, peculiar to himself, that he has been instrumental in reclaiming Thousands, and bringing them back from the subtle Snares and Delusions of Hell, to the pleasant Paths of Sanctity and Holiness.

After two Years and a half Continuance at *St. Jago*, he went to the College of *Salamanca*, in the Province of *old Castile*.

Here he commenced Student in Divinity, continued his Mortification, wore his *Cilicium*, or Hair Shirt, as usual, and made so quick a Progress in divine Study, that he was pointed out as a Pattern to his Cotemporaries.

In the third Year of his Study in Divinity, he was so admired by Dr. *Lupis*, then nominated Visitor of that College, that he earnestly used his Interest with the Doctors of that University, to permit Mr. MURPHY to sustain the Annual Thesis in Defence of the System of that School, which accordingly he sustained in

the Preſence, and with the united Applauſe, of all the Doctors of that great Univerſity.

This was the firſt Honour of that Nature conferred on an *Iriſhman*, and ſtands now on Record a laſting Credit to his Countrymen, though there are not Perſons in the World more attached to their own Natives than the *Spaniards*.

Would not theſe honorary Diſtinctions have been ſufficiently ſignal to the Proof of his great and uncommon Abilities, though we had been ſilent in ſetting them forth.

He ever bore away the Prize of Applauſe in a triumphant Manner, he took the Hearts of his Hearers by Surprize, he conquered by the Torrent of his Eloquence, which was copious, diffuſive, and coercive.

So general a Conqueſt had he made over the Hearts of all, who heard or converſed with him, that when his Conſtitution was impaired by frequent Auſterities, he was in ſuch Eſteem with the moſt celebrated Don *Benito Zid*, Doctor of Laws, and Deacon of both Faculties,

Faculties, that every Morning and Evening he ſent his Coach to attend him from the College to the Univerſity.

It being cuſtomary, once a Year, for the Students to make a Panegyrical Oration on ſome Favourite Perſon, he was ſelected to preach on St. *Thomas* the Apoſtle, and incontеſtibly proved that the Incredulity of St. *Thomas* was more ſerviceable to the Cauſe of the Chriſtian Religion, than the ready Faith of St. *Peter*: And this he proved from Analogy.

The Converſion of any incredulous Perſon to a certain Point of Faith, is certainly more difficult: As to cure an inveterate obſtinate Diſorder, in an ill Habit of Body, requires a greater Degree of Skill and Addreſs in the Phyſician, than to remove a ſlight Indiſpoſition in a well-tempered Conſtitution.

There is more Joy in Heaven over one Sinner who repenteth, than over ninety and nine juſt Perſons who need no Repentance.

It is harder to ſtop a Torrent than to turn

a Brook, and the Merit of Converſion riſes, in Proportion to the Size of the Difficulty.

St. *Paul*, an able and powerful Advocate for the *Jewiſh* Doctrines, is converted miraculouſly, at the Inſtant that he was charged with a Commiſſion to perſecute, even to Death, all who ſhould abet the *Chriſtian* Syſtem——And *Saul* yet breathed Threatnings---yet, during theſe Menaces, the moſt High thinks him the fitteſt Inſtrument to convert the *Gentile* World; becauſe he himſelf could teſtify by what Means he became a Proſelyte to CHRIST, who before had been his moſt outrageous Foe and Oppoſer. This muſt be a more powerful Argument to enforce his Doctrine, than the cooler Diſſuaſions of all the other Apoſtles, unattended by Convictions ſo ſtrong: And indeed, both St. *Paul*'s and St. *Thomas*'s Caſes have been looked upon, above all other, as irrefragrable Proofs of the Truth and Simplicity of the Goſpel.

When he had made an End of his Oration, Dr. *Lupis* expreſſed ſo much Surprize at the Solidity of his Reaſoning, that he ſaid to thoſe near him, "I am much miſtaken, if

"that

" that young Man will not, one Day, be-
" come a Prodigy in the World."

Though a well-ſized, ſtrong-made Man, his Conſtitution was by no Means robuſt; for he ſeemed to have inherited a ſickly Conſtitution, yet ſo far was he from indulging its Weakneſs, that from his Childhood, he impaired it by exceſſive Abſtinence, Watching, and Devotion.

This ill Habit of Health, partly natural and partly acquired, at length brought on a lingring Sickneſs, which had like to have proved fatal to him.

What a Friend had Chriſtianity then loſt? How would Infidelity have triumphed, Virtue have mourned, and Vice have made its Boaſt?

Orphans would have miſſed a common Father, Widows a Comforter, the Poor a Treaſurer, and the Sick a Phyſician.

But he was otherwiſe appointed, he ſeemed

to be conſcious of it, and lived as if he had been divinely miſſioned.

If we live ſo, there is great Reaſon to think we are ſo; and while we act with Obedience to our Superiors, and from laudable Principles: Virtue will always have its Profit, her Fruits be Efficacious, and Irreligion abaſhed and confounded.

It ſeemed as if he had been viſited from bove, as no Man lived more juſt, pure, and inoffenſive.

He had not that ſupine Virtue, which ſleeps in Cells, which wiſhes well to Religion, yet ſlumbers in her Cauſe. He did not only profeſs, but he acted; he not only exhorted, but practiſed what he preached: He pitied, and redreſſed. His Commiſeration was not of that Kind, which indolently permits its Object to periſh, but was the ſame with that of the *Samaritan*, who dreſſed the Wounds of the Wretched, and made his Houſe the Hoſpital of the Diſeaſed.

As

As he visibly, and daily grew more infirm, the Physicians of *Spain* judging, that the Climate was rather too rare for his Lungs, and that his native Air would better suit their Structure, recommended it to him, to visit *Ireland*. He had been above five Years from his Friends, and a Desire to see them, co-operating with the Doctors Advice, with some Regret he took leave of his Favourite Studies.

His Friends, who were many and valuable, parted with Tears, all witnessing their Esteem by their Concern, which was increased from the Apprehension of his Illness.

He set out in very severe Weather for *Bilboa* in the Province of *Biscay*, where he arrived, after a fatiguing Journey of nine Days.

He sailed from *Bilboa* to *Dublin*, and arrived just as his Mother lay ill of her last Indisposition.

She had wished to see him in these Moments, and her Expectations were suddenly answered by the Presence of her darling Son.

He

He paid her the Offices due from a Son and a Divine, giving her the moſt conſtant Attendance, adminiſtering to her, with his own Hands, the Medicines of Soul, and Body.

Her greateſt Wiſh was to hear him preach in public---but ſhe died in a Fortnight after his Arrival, having received divine Nouriſhment from the Plant ſhe had reared.

——*Like the ſweet South,*
Which breathes upon a Bank of Violets,
Giving *and* ſtealing *Odours.*

It is certain, we ought not to connect any one Thing ſo cloſely with ourſelves, as not to part with it calmly; when we do, is it not like tearing the Skin from the Fleſh at the Time of Separation?

Bear and Forbear, was his beloved Maxim; he had learned by long Habit to ſuffer and to abſtain.---He reſigned her with Patience to the Diſpoſal of her Creator, and after the firſt Shock was over, had a View to the ſpiritual Mother, which was ſoon to adopt him.

The

The agreeable Account of his ſafe Arrival, and better State of Health, gave inexpreſſible Pleaſure to his Fellow-Students, but in a more ſenſible Degree to the Superiors, and all his learned Acquaintance.

And now, great were the Expectations which were formed of him:---His Character had been eſtabliſhed at home, while he ſtudied abroad, and he alone was the greateſt Stranger to his own Praiſe, which he never loved to hear, though he ſtudied to deſerve it.

His firſt Sermon here, was of the Panegyrical Kind, being an Encomium on the Virtues, holy Life, and Works of St. *Ignatius Loyala*, the Founder of that Society, now known by the Name of *Jeſuits*.

Panegyric was the Species of Writing, or Speaking, in which he excelled; and his Excellence therein had its Origin in his Heart, which naturally tended to univerſal Charity, and never more rejoiced, than when it gave Motion to his Tongue, in paying the Tribute of Praiſe to meritorious Objects. How well then

then does he, who was for ever diſplaying the deſerving Side of Nature to our Eyes, who for ever palliated and ſoftened her coarſer Touches, who looked with Admiration on the Graces of Beauty, Order, and Harmony, how well does he merit, nay, how juſtly does he exact this Tribute which my faint Pen now pays to his excellent Memory?

He loved, and was beloved of all; and ſince he made it the Buſineſs of his Tongue to render Excellence amiable to all, what Perſon, though the moſt envious, will grudge this Incenſe due to his pious Aſhes?

His Audience teſtified their Delight, and his Superior wrote over to Dr. *Stafford* at *Salamanca*, that if his College had ſent over another *Murphy*, it would have been the moſt renowned in *Europe*; to which the Doctor in his Anſwer replied, that a ſingle *Murphy* was ſufficient to render any Univerſity famous and renowned.

See what an Opinion theſe learned Divines conceived of his Worth; are Teſtimonies like theſe common? Do we uſually ſcatter

Spices

Spices on ordinary Things? No, if he had not appeared to them the moſt extraordinary Youth, in any Kingdom, ſuch a Profuſion of Praiſe had been reſerved for Objects to them more worthy. — Theſe reverend Perſonages, who were competent Judges of his Merit, were themſelves eminent for Genius, Virtue, and deep Learning; they muſt then have been convinced of thoſe Excellencies in Mr. MURPHY, or they would have been more ſparing of their Compliments.

Praiſe is the Tribute paid by *Merit*, to *Merit*; by *Excellence*, to *Excellence*: And there is a juſt Reaſon for this Deference to each other, namely, that they are reciprocally the beſt Judges of their own intrinſic and reſpective Worth.

Calumny and Detraction are purblind and narrow-ſighted, they cannot look beyond their own mean Confines: Excellence hurts their weak Sight, and theſe Vices are ever found in the low and pitiful-hearted--hence it is that Envy is ſaid to look upon Objects with a jaundice Eye: If we take Notice, Shame, Guilt, or the Loſs of Innocence, ſeldom look up, while Integrity

Integrity, like the *Eagle*, mounts her native Skies, looks full on the Sun's Glory, and triumphs in the bright Effulgence. Thus *Merit* conſtantly pays *Merit* its Due, and reflects back with Intereſt the Luſtre it had borrowed. *Excellence*, like a true Mirror, returns the Image in its due Beauty, and Proportion, while its Foe, like ſome Glaſſes, I have ſeen, diſtorts the Lineaments, and paints in *Caricatura*.

I would not be underſtood to inſinuate any thing in my own Favour hereby, further, than that I naturally prefer Harmony to Diſcord, Taſte to Inſipidity, Sprightlineſs to Languor, and an excellent Perſon to a worthleſs Being.

To this Panegyrical Manner of Writing he applied himſelf, and was accounted, both here and in *Spain*, the firſt in that Way.

As Panegyric admitted into its Compoſition much of the oratorial and declamatory Style, and his Diction was extremely rich, copious, and florid, he became ſcrupulous, leſt it ſhould appear too pompous for the lower Claſs of Hearers; therefore, he turned himſelf

ſelf latterly to preach in a cloſer Way, and in the preceptive Sort: Theſe Diſcourſes he chiefly calculated to the Hearts of the Profligate, and ſhot the Arrows of his Arguments ſo thick, that they ſeldom failed to pierce Sinners to the Quick. At theſe principally he bent the Shafts of his more ſolid Diſcourſes, and many Thouſands did he reclaim from their abandoned Courſes, who, now living, bleſs his Memory dead, and confeſs him to be, under their Mediator, the happy Inſtrument of their Reformation and Eſcape from a State of Perdition.

Such Perſons of both Sexes would he conſtantly invite to hear him, for when he had them, he was ſure to awake their benummed Conſciences by the Power of his Eloquence, and to convince them of their Error and Danger, by his nervous Arguments.

Having found out their Reſidence, though never ſo mean, he would viſit them, and then enquiring into their private Affairs, he uſually in his public Diſcourſes, made ſuch perſonal Applications, as ſuited themſelves only, and

having ſenſibly touched them, reformed them at once.

For there is a Tone to be hit, a String to be touched, whoſe Concord immediately vibrates at the Impulſe.

Perſons bitten by the Tarantula, are ſaid to be cured by a certain Note, which, when diſcovered by the ſkilful Muſician, removes the Malady; may not this be ſaid of Perſons bitten by the old Serpent? May not certain Applications ſent home to their Hearts, and levelled full at their predominant Paſſion, bring them in from the Snares of Hell?

Though he declined Honour and Applauſe, by quitting the oratorial, for the plain and familiar Style, yet it was impoſſible for him to diveſt himſelf of that natural Eloquence, which is as ſurely born with a true Orator, as Invention and Taſte with a true Poet.

He was not put in Orders till a Year after his Return from *Spain*, becauſe he was not of Age to be admitted, and having by ſeveral Orations proved himſelf well worthy the Pulpit,

pit, he was about the Age of Twenty-three admitted a *Deacon*, at which Inſtant the Prince of Air, and all his Powers ſhook for Fear, for then was inliſted under the Eccleſiaſtical Banner, one of the moſt powerful Antagoniſts that Hell ever contended with, and ably did he fight the good Cauſe againſt Legions that oppoſed him, for he gave no Quarter to the Tempter, and often, like an expert General, countermarched him, and baffled all his Wiles and Schemes.

Though he preached from Minutes, or Heads, he never was known to heſitate, and was particularly in Vogue in this City, among all Denominations of People, who flocked from all Quarters to Chapel, whenever Mr. MURPHY preached. I mention his ſpeaking from Minutes, becauſe he was chiefly admired for Method, Clearneſs, and Connection.

Among his numberleſs Charities, I cannot help mentioning one, which to this Day affects me ſtrongly, from its very particular Caſt and Complexion.

He had, in that memorable Hard-Froſt, wherein Thouſands periſhed through Want, ſo much exhauſted his Pockets, (which might well be ſtyled the Poor's Exchequer) that he had not a Penny left to relieve a poor Object, which once appeared before his Eyes on *Batchelor's-Quay*, in all the Circumſtances attending the keeneſt Miſery. He was at ſome Diſtance from a Supply, and had no other Recourſe for the Wretch's Relief, but to —— Reader, it would puzzle you, though ever ſo charitably diſpoſed, to hit upon the Expedient which to him occurred at once-----He called the poor Object, and bidding him to follow, and ſeeing no one in View or in Hearing, went into an Entry, and ſtripping himſelf to the Shirt, he intimidated the poor Man, who could not apprehend where the Matter would end, which however had a happy Iſſue for him, as he was very ſpeedily put in Poſſeſſion of a new Waiſtcoat, and ordered to ſell it for the Relief of his Diſtreſs.

I believe the Man is living to this Day, and has reported it ſince Dr. MURPHY's Death, being by him enjoined to Silence.

If

If any Man aſk thy Coat, give him thy Cloak alſo; but this Act of Piety went ſome Steps beyond the Precept, whoſe Tenor enjoins a kind of paſſive Obedience, in order to ſhun Quarrelling, but in this charitable Circumſtance, he ſtripped himſelf of his beſt Covering, to ſnatch a Wretch from Famine and ſtarving. Thouſands in this Caſe would have ſaid, "I have not wherewithal to ſupply "your Want;" but Dr. MURPHY though he had not Silver or Gold, gave him ſuch as he had in the Name of the LORD, and looked even upon his Wearing-Apparel as a ſuperfluous Ornament, when the Neceſſities of Man required them.

Thus, as his Piety was unaffected, he avoided all Parade.

In recommending Earneſtneſs and Attention in Prayer, he ſpoke thus: "Were we "but half ſo wary to avoid, as Hell is watch-"ful to lay the Snare, we ſhould not be ſo "often taken. Lukewarm Devotion may be "juſtly compared to playing careleſly with "an expert Gameſter; all other Creatures

" uſe the Inſtinct, which Nature has implant-
" ed in them, to ſhun their Foes: But Man,
" ſilly Man prevents the Temptation, and
" runs headlong into the Toils. One of the
" Pages of *Alexander*, attending at a Sacri-
" fice, was ſo earneſt in Devotion to his
" Gods, that the Torch which he held, burnt
" into his Hand, and conſumed ſome Part of
" his Fleſh, before he perceived it, ſo intent
" was his Contemplation, that the moſt in-
" tenſe Pain alone could awake him from his
" pious Reveriee."

Theſe few Fragments of his I have pre-ſerved, with a View to give the Reader a Specimen of his Manner, which I have not only deſcribed, but exemplified.

As his Actions and Practice, his Conduct and Converſation were ſquared by the Rule of Right, and conformable to the ſtricteſt Morality, ſo he retrenched and improved the old Way of Preaching, and inſtead of teizing his Audience, or vexing their Patience with ſpeculative Matters, endleſs Quotations from idle and impertinent Authorities, terrible Denunciations of Hell and Damnation,

tedious

tedious Distinctions of Faith, and other insipid Matters, which never leave the Heart edified, while it leaves the Ear fatigued; instead of such, he compiled a Body of moral Divinity, he painted practic Goodness in such elegant Drapery, that he made all Men in Love with it; and hence it was that the Chapel where he preached was so crowded by People of different Persuasions, while other Places of Worship were empty and deserted.

Now drew near another Trial of his Resignation, in the Sickness of an infirm tender Parent, who, though of a quite different Opinion, could not but secretly triumph in having the Honour of so glorious a Son.

The Doctor, having been informed of his Father's Danger by the Physicians, attended him as a Son, and offered himself as a Divine, but the Father refused to converse with him on such odious Principles, (as he then called them.)

Upon the Doctor's Expostulations concerning the Interest of his immortal Soul, his Father

Father in a Paſſion ordered him to get out of his Sight, and never more come into it.

About two Days after, the Father relented, that he had uſed a Darling Son in ſo rough a Manner, only becauſe he wiſhed his Salvation, or differed with him in Principles, and addreſſing a Friend of his near the Bed-ſide, ſaid, "Oh Sir, I am afraid I have for ever "diſobliged my dear *Jack*, whom all Men "eſteem, and whom I alone could have "treated with ill Manners---Oh my unfor-"tunate Temper, and my more unfortunate "Tongue to give way to ſuch a Prompter--- "I have baniſhed him my Sight, and enjoin-"ed him never to ſee me more, how can I "die in Peace, or indeed with Safety without "Reconciliation: But he is paſt Recall, and "I muſt die in Bitterneſs of Soul: Oh *Jack*, "my deareſt Son, the Honour, and Boaſt "of my old Age, have I loſt you at my laſt "Moments, who was the living Delight and "and Pleaſure of my better Days"---here he wring his Hands and wept bitterly.

When his Friend obſerved the old Gentleman to be ſo much concerned for his Expreſ-

ſions,

ſions, he told him, that he would ſend for the Doctor, but the old Man replied, "Oh! "don't buoy me up with ſuch vain Expecta- "tions; I know he is far off by this, and I "muſt die before he can arrive here again" ---but on his Friend's telling him confidently, that he never left Town, but had every Hour enquired into the different Stages of his Sickneſs, and was now in the Houſe, he, with Tears of Joy and Extaſy, deſired he might be called in---they embrace, they weep over each other, the Father aſks his Son's Forgiveneſs, the Son, with all Duty, prays him to think of his eternal Welfare, they converſe privately for three Hours, and the Father in three more dies in his Son's Arms, and in the Principles of that Faith which he had ſo often recommended to him.

When the Doctor had received Prieſts Orders, he ſet about to reform Mankind, and determined with himſelf, to lay the Axe to the root of Vice and Profaneſs; he ſearched every where for their Haunts, or Subterfuges, and having detected them, dragged them to

to the Light, if Obſtinate; or melted them to Repentance, on Submiſſion: He never ſpared them in any Shape or Rank of Life. One of his remarkable Reforms was, the Inſtitution, or Revival of the *Sodality*, levelled at that uſeleſs tho' profane Vice of Curſing and Swearing.

As he daily walked through the Streets, where many profligate Conſtables ſtood, he was often Shock'd at the horrid Oaths ſo frequently uſed by thoſe unhappy People; but on his earneſtly ſhewing them the Folly, as well as the Wickedneſs of ſuch Imprecations, he actually reclaim'd ſeveral of them, who are living Monuments of the good one active, zealous Perſon may be capable of, to Society.

In order to reform the Frauds and Impoſitions of Tradeſmen, he made himſelf perfectly acquainted with Terms of Art uſed in their reſpective Trades, by which means, he, as it were, Stole upon their Conſciences, by expreſſing himſelf home to their Hearts.

It is natural for Vice to ſhrink, when touched in the tender point, and when a Perſon is heard declaiming againſt ſuch dark Practices, in their own Style and Manner, he ſeems to have got the Aſcendant, and to have countermined Cunning by Cunning.

In the common Traffic of Life, the Seller will impoſe on the Weakneſs of the Buyer, who is intirely unacquainted with the Nature of his Buſineſs; but he falls in his Price, the Moment he perceives the Buyer to know the Secrets of his profit, or the intrinſic Value of the Commodity.

Thus did he inveigh againſt ſuch Confederacies and Malpractices in the Language of their Craft, and foiled them at their own Weapons.

And ſuch was the reſpect and reverence paid him by the People, that he was Maſter of their Intereſts as well as their Hearts, by which Means, he became empowered to do much Services in Caſes of Property and Reſtitution.

When

When the Riots were at the higheſt Pitch in *Dublin*, his Influence over the People was ſo well known, that if the Rioters refuſed to diſperſe, it was uſual with the Peace-Officers to apply directly to him who on appearing, and waving his Hand, ordered every Perſon to his reſpective Home; or when an obſtinate Engagement became ſo Bloody, as ſcarce to admit others interpoſing, he undauntedly ruſhed into the midſt of the Rioters with the greateſt intrepidity, for his Preſence was moſt Powerful; and the Mob frequently ſuſpended their Weapons when he came, for fear in the Confuſion, they ſhould hurt a Hair of his Head; ſo Mighty was the very Name of a MURPHY, among theſe Sons of Violence.

He always made the beſt Uſe of his Power towards compaſſing the Ends of his beloved Virtue.

When Power is joined with Goodneſs, what great Anvantages may it not produce to the Public?

His

His Friends here Write over to his Fellow Students in this Manner. "Your MURPHY, now *ours*, has got the Reins into his "Hands, he ſubdues the People by Love, "and driveth them with their own Will to "Goodneſs and Virtue. He is now called the "Beloved, and truly very juſtly: He is the "great Reformer of this large and populous "Metropolis, and is become the Darling of "the People."

How much this has been verified ſince, and what excellent Uſe he made of that Power, with which he was inveſted, I ſhall leave to the Determination of the Reader.

It was one of his own Sayings, *a powerful Hand, and a mercileſs Heart, too often go together, and as frequently prove deſtructive of the Community, but Power joined with an Inclination to Equity, is the Cement, which builds up the mighty Fabrick of Society.* Indeed, the Almighty Diſpoſer very often joins Genius with Abilities, but how frequently are they perverted!

Socrates, the beſt of Men in the Heathen World, was called a Villain by one of his

Hearers: The Audience ſeized the Cenſor and brought him to *Socrates*, who aſked him why he expreſſed himſelf ſo? He replied, I judge by the Rules of Phyſiognomy; to which *Socrates* anſwered, True, Friend, I am by Conſtitution a moſt vicious Man, but I have long ſince conquered it by Philoſophy. St. *Auguſtine* was not aſhamed to confeſs his natural Love for ſome Vices, but his overcoming by Diſcipline, ſuch Diſpoſitions, proved his ſtronger Love for Virtue.

There are many Men who notwithſtanding the prejudice of Fools, have lived and died near a pure State; and our Saviour mentions ſome, who made themſelves Eunuchs for the Sake of the Kingdom of Heaven. But where the Temptation exiſts, ſure the greater Merit muſt appear in the Reſiſtance and Conqueſt.

That Part of his Life which muſt naturally excite the Curioſity of the Reader, is what we are leaſt at liberty to diſcover: His Charities were known to very few, tho' ſome very remarkable Donations have eſcaped his utmoſt Vigilance: His Credit was equal to his Generoſity, and the Truſt and Confidence repoſed

in

in him were very extraordinary, tho' not more than his Fidelity.

Having ſought proper Objects to expend his Charity upon, he in a very ſhort Time gave it to a trifle: When *R*---- *E*----, a Tape Weaver, applied to him for Relief, he ſaid, My good Friend, you have made me very unhappy by this Application, at a Time when I have nothing left worth your Acceptance, here is a Guinea, and more than ſeven Pence Halfpenny beſide this I have not in the World. He ſaw a Perſon whom he knew to be in want, but whoſe Modeſty was inſuperable, he knew not readily in what Manner to relieve him, at length by much caſting about, he fixed on this Expedient; and addreſſed him in this Manner---Well, Mr. *E*----, what a forgetful Man am I, and what a baſhful Creature are you---here have I owed you ten Pounds for ſeveral Years, and never knew it till about four Months ago, when looking over ſome of my Papers, I found this Minute; borrowed of *R*---- *E*------ ten Pounds the 30th of *July*, 1749. I hope you'll not be hard in the Intereſt; to all which Mr. *E*----- being in Truth a Stranger, as there never was ſuch a Loan,

replied, that he could not recollect any ſuch Circumſtance; but Dr. MURPHY inſiſting on it, forced the Sum into his Hands, by the Conveyance of a Bank Note.

J----n R-----n of the Liberty, had engaged by Contract to marry ſome young Woman whom he had courted, but ſeemed to think his Contract null, on Deficience of the Girl's Fortune, which did not anſwer his Expectations. The Doctor hearing of it, and aſking how he could think of diſpenſing with his Oath in ſuch a Manner, demanded to know the Difference in Fortune; the young Man mentioned the Sum; for Shame ſays the Doctor, and would you ſell your Oath for ſo paltry a Matter, marry her, and I will give you that Sum in ten Days, which he performed, and made the young Couple happy, which Happineſs exiſts till this Time.

If we were permitted, we could fill this Volume with nothing elſe but his Charities but the fairer and brighter Part of his Life, we are under a Neceſſity of veiling, leſt it might give Offence to Opinion; the few we have mentioned, were ſent to us by the Perſons

ſons who received them, with a Liberty to print their Names at large, tho' we have not taken that Licence.

As we are ſoon to part with him, I am ſorry to prepare the Reader for a Scene of Grief which I can hardly deſcribe for the Concern which lies on me. Thouſands, ten Thouſands felt the Shock, but he triumphs with the juſt, and inherits that Crown of Glory reſerved for the Righteous.

He was taken ill the 21ſt of *June*, of a raging Fever, then Epidemic in *Dublin*; it was acute, the Criſis ſoon appeared, the Doctors gave him over, and acquainted him with his Danger; being deſired to make a Will; he ſmiled, and ſaid I owe about thirty ſeven Shillings, I deſire my ——— to pay it, and to let the poor Orphans and Penſioners miſs me as little as poſſible; I only grieve that I cannot ſerve Mankind any longer: This is a glorious Summons, Heaven enable me to go through with my final Judgment. A Clergyman coming to him at his laſt Moments, when his Agonies rendered him ſpeechleſs, and aſking him, did he know him, he ſmiled in his

uſual Manner, and intimated by nodding, that he did.

The Phyſicians when he grew delirious, applied Bliſters, to which he had always the greateſt Averſion. The intenſe Pain of theſe brought him to his Senſes, and ſhewing his uncommon Anguiſh by repeated Sighs and Groans, and at length expreſſing his Torments to be inſupportable, one of the Divines adviſed him to endeavour to bear his Pains with Reſignation to his Saviour, who for him and Mankind had ſuffered more unexpreſſible Anguiſh; to which the Doctor, with Calmneſs, and ſmiling in the midſt of Agonies, replied,----Oh yes, "I grant it, but conſider "that my Saviour was both God and Man.--- "Remember, I am but frail Man." He parted with Life calmly and ſerenely, having loſt his Speech ſome Hours before Death, but ſeemingly not his Senſes: He died about three o'Clock on *Monday* the ſecond of *July*, 1753, in the 42d Year of his Life.

Tho' the Life of this chriſtian, worthy, and truly pious Divine, be a Model, well deſerving the Imitation of all Men, let their Perſua-

ſion

ſion be what it will; and tho' he lived in as perfect a Manner as Fleſh and Blood could permit, yet was he always convinced, and earneſtly taught his Hearers, that there was no Perfection on Earth.

We think, and the Reader may pardon our Surmiſe, that he ſhewed too great a Neglect for the Things of this World, ſince we can aſſure him, from the beſt Teſtimony, that he abſolutely refuſed ſome of the higheſt Dignities in the Church, tho' frequently preſſed upon him; and this appears from his Option of living and dying a Curate.

From the reading the Lives of St. *Ignatius* and *Xaverius*, he contracted a real Contempt for the Goods of Fortune.

Tho' active in the laſt Degree, when the Benefit of Man required him, yet he was almoſt ſupinely indolent towards himſelf, either in eating, drinking or dreſs; which if not prepared for him, would have been utterly neglected.

It was indeed neceſſary that he ſhould be attended, being ſo little inclined to take any

Trouble

Trouble concerning his own Affairs, that he owned himſelf out of Meaſure obliged to a Brother Divine for his Care of him.

His laſt Degree, that of Doctor of Divinity, he took in the Year 1750. At his Funeral was an incredible Multitude of People moſt certainly drawn thither by uncommon Affection rather than Curioſity, and tho' there were heard neither Shouts nor Cries, yet the more ſolemn Sighs and Groans, uttered by ſeven or eight Thouſand People together, made it impoſſible to hear another Speaking, or to hold any Converſation within a Street.

It was really worth dying to be ſo lamented: Every Perſon there, tho' he regretted his Death, yet felt a ſecret Satisfaction at the unuſual Teſtimony of Reſpect and Gratitude paid his Memory. He was dear to all, and known to moſt. His exceeding Popularity made him love Receſs and Solitude, becauſe when he walked the Streets, he was ſo often ſtopped to meet the Careſſes of rich and poor, that his great Modeſty could not well bear it.

As to Stature, he was about ſix Feet high, elegantly put together, and might in a proper Dreſs

Dreſs, paſs very well for a Perſon of the higheſt Rank or Station.

His Face was ſmooth, and his Eyebrows of the Auburn hue; there was a ſerene Compoſure, mixed with a ſenſible Sweetneſs in the Temper of his Features. His Eyes, which were large and maſculine, were between cheſnut and grey; his Voice was very deep, intirely expreſſive of the manly Tone, tho' his Expreſſion, which was round, full and mellow, quite ſoftened it.

Reader, imitate his Virtues as much as in you lies, imitate him in his upright Living, his exceſſive Chaſtity, for he was innocent as the pure Virgin to his dying Moment.

Imitate his Temperance, which ſubdued his Paſſions, and were productive of that heavenly Virtue, Chaſtity. Imitate his Benevolence, for he was the living Treaſury of the Poor.

Imitate his gentle Manners, by which his Superiors and Equals have been enamoured of him.

Imitate

Imitate his Love of Peace, for he reconciled the moſt inveterate Enemies: The public Voice teſtifyed their uncommon Grief at his deceaſe, nothing being to be heard in the Streets but Elegies and Panegyricks on his Name, which, tho' ever ſomuch beneath the Dignity of the Subject, were bought up eagerly by all Sorts of People.

May it pleaſe the moſt high Diſpoſer of the Hearts of Men, that this exemplary Life, may melt down the ſtubborn impenitent to Virtue and her Party, and continue the righteous Man in thoſe Paths which he has trodden, to Life everlaſting. *Amen.*

GLORIA DEO.

AN

ELEGY,

On the Death of the

Rev. JOHN MURPHY, D.D.

By *P*—— *M*——

WHAT mean thoſe Shrieks, why ſadly looks our Shore?
Is ſickning Phœbus ſet, to riſe no more?
Why elſe this wildly lamentable Cry?
That fills the Woods, and echoes thro' the Sky?
The Wiſe and Simple, with the Rich and Poor,
Clergy and People from their Heart deplore;
The Widows rend their Locks in mournful Rage,
And liſping Babes lament, with hoary Age;
The gay Coquets themſelves are gay no more,
And Tyrants weep that never wept before;

Why

Why elſe? Ah! where the Man who does
not know,
For whom theſe well deſerved Sorrows flow?
For whom a grateful Realm in Grief appears,
And laviſh pours the tributary Tears.

How ſhall the Bard reſume the tragic Pen,
O'erwhelm'd with Woe, to mourn the firſt of
Men?
When Prelates who ſage Marks of Grace be-
tray,
Who feed the Poor, and Preach as well as
Pray;
Divines who oft' aſcend the ſacred Chair,
And pour due Meaning on th' inſtructed Ear;
Or faintly glow with cool and lukewarm Zeal,
To preach ſound Doctrine for the public
Weal;
When ſuch are fall'n in Death's eternal Sleep,
The half touch'd Muſe may eloquently Weep:
But when the Joy and Comfort of each Eye,
Is ſnatch'd, in Life's Meridian, to the Sky;
When all that's lovely, ſuddenly departs,
Silence beſt ſhews the Anguiſh of our Hearts;
No Sigh to riſe, no Tear has Pow'r to flow,
In ſullen Sadneſs loſt, and penſive Woe:

Yet

Yet Oh' how Pants this bleeding Breaſt to Sing,
And tell its Sorrows to the mournful String.

Relentleſs Fate to peerleſs Merit blind,
Why ſmite the lov'd, and lover of Mankind?
Why rob that Luminary of its Light,
And plunge it's Radiance in eternal Night?
Had all that Charms the World, no Charm for thee,
Wit, Wiſdom, Learning, Truth and Piety?
Cou'd all that's Excellent no Pity find,
All that adorns the Heart, or decks the Mind?
His amiable Form, no Favour gain,
His very Eloquence too, flow in vain?
Whoſe Pow'r, the Breaſts of hardeſt Sinners felt,
That Rocks could move, and ſtern Barbarians melt!
But ſince this Prodigy of worth cou'd fail,
Nor all his Angel Qualities prevail,
Could not thoſe Wretches that o'erflow'd the Land,
And hung upon the bounty of his Hand,
With all the moving Rhetoric of Woe,
Diſſolve thy Boſom, and avert the Blow?

Had venerable Age with Grief oppreſt,
No Pow'r to ſooth thy Adamantine Breaſt?
The Sireleſs Babe, involv'd in early Smart,
Smiling in Woe, no influence o'er thy Heart?
Cou'd the poor Widow's Tears, no Pity gain?
Cou'd ev'ry Object plead, yet plead in vain?
Not even a Siſter's ſighs, thy Rage diſarm,
Adorn'd with every Virtue, every Charm.

Pride of the Rich, and Darling of the Poor;
Since thou and all thy labours art no more!
Since that dear Form no more ſhall bleſs our Eyes,
Hid in the bright Receſſes of the Skies.
Where ſhall the numerous Sons of Sorrow go?
Or by what means redreſs their helpleſs Woe?
Mute is that Tongue that Charm'd the World before,
And cold that Heart which Throbs for Man no more;
The Eternal Smile alone, ſtill keeps its Place,
which ſad'ning Death itſelf could not Efface;
That Smile that once caus'd ev'ry Breaſt to glow,
With Rapture and Delight, but grieves us now:

Ah!

Ah! See what Horrors wait upon the Sight,
See ghaſtly Sorrow ſpread her ſickening Night!
See ſetting Hope withdraw her glad'ning Ray,
And black Deſpair his Terrors wide Diſplay;
Th' aſtoniſhed Sun deſcrys the Proſpect ſad,
Retires to weep, and Hell alone is glad.

But ſtop, Oh! ſtop my Muſe thy mournfull Strain,
What means yon glorious and refulgent Scene?
'Tis he, 'tis MURPHY! Oh! I'm all on Fire!
Attended by the whole Angelic Choir;
See thro' the Fields of Air, they Tow'ring fly!
And with glad Shouts, conduct him to the Sky;
Th' eternal Concourſe reach their bliſsful State
And Panting, hover at the heavenly Gate;
PETER unlocks; PAUL takes him by the Hand,
And gently Guides; the reſt in Order Stand;
Chryſoſtome, *Jerom*, *Baſil*, bow your Heads!
Your Maſter Preacher, lo! the Apoſtle Leads;
Exult *Ignatius!* ſee! thy ſon is near,
And thou his Darling, his much lov'd *Xavier*;
Ye whole triumphant Church exalt your Eye,
Behold! thy Pillar and thy light is nigh;

I ſee ye cloſely hover all around,
And ſtrew unfading Flow'rs along the ſacred
Ground.
Thus trav'lling on thro' the divine Abode,
High on a fadeleſs Throne he ſees his GOD;
The raviſh'd *Saint* draws near with dazzl'd Eyes,
While from amidſt the Blaze, JEHOVAH cries;
" Welcome! thou faithful Servant of thy Lord!
" Prop of his Church, and Sounder of his
" Word!
" Welcome to theſe fair Manſions of the Sky,
" Prepar'd for thee from all Eternity.
" For me! on yonder iniquitous Soil,
" You've led a Life of Trouble and of Toil;
" For me, ev'n Food-eſſential oft' deſpis'd,
" For me, Affronts and Injuries have priz'd;
" Greatneſs, with meek Humility you join'd,
" And more than practis'd all you taught
" Mankind:
" Yet ſtill thou liv'dſt with Trembling and
" with Fear,
" Eternal Watchings, and eternal Pray'r;
" No Moment of your Life fled idly by,
" No Man in baſhful *Want* eſcap'd your *Eye*:
" To make Earth happy, ev'ry Means you
" try'd,
" You liv'd for others, and for others dy'd.

" Thy

" Thy God beheld with fatherly Delight,
" Thy ceaseless Toils, Toils worthy of his
" Sight!
" Beheld th' Effects of the faint Lights he
" shed,
" And pour'd a Flood of Graces on thy Head:
" Fill'd thee with Strength to spurn the jea-
" lous Kind,
" Melt the hard Heart, and bend the stub-
" born Mind;
" The deepest Wounds of sickly Souls to
" probe,
" And spread Salvation o'er the guilty Globe;
" While yon fell Tyrant on his deathless
" Blaze
" Fretted and foam'd, and curs'd thy virtu-
" ous Ways."

EPITAPH.

Let Poor and Mighty mix their sudden Woe,
And sadly murmur, "Murphy sleeps below.

Farewell for ever, in yon heav'nly Soil
Reap the full Harvest of thy glorious Toil;
While grateful *Thousands* haunt thy sacred *Urn*,
And with warm *Tears*, their ravish'd *Darling* mourn.

FINIS.

(*Just published by the Printer hereof.*) 3300

THE

Devout Christian;

CONTAINING,

Select Prayers on various Occasions; with daily Offices, and divine Meditations.

ALSO,

Some Spiritual Pieces;

PARTICULARLY,

A Preparation for Death, and several profitable reflections for a Christian, never Published before in this Kingdom.

As this Book is intended as a Daily Spiritual Entertainment, it contains Variety of Prayers and Offices, so as to answer the usual and almost constant Occurrences of human Life. The Sinner here is conducted before the Throne of Mercy, from whence all his Help is to come; and is likewise taught how to ask for the Help he wants.

N. B. *There are interspersed through the Whole, Representations of some principal Matters, in* curious Copper-Plates.